

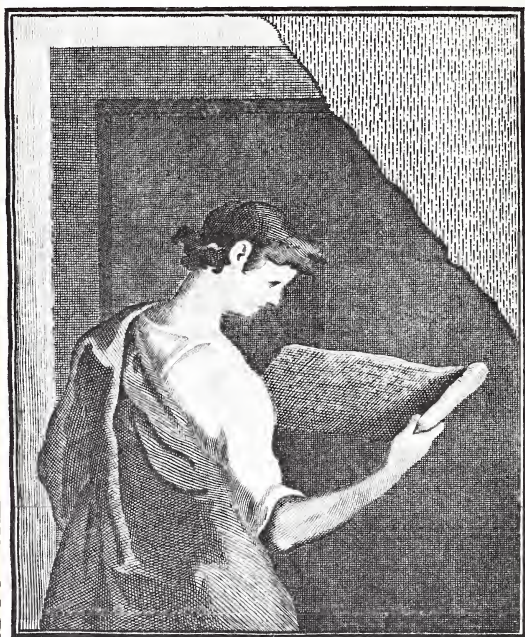
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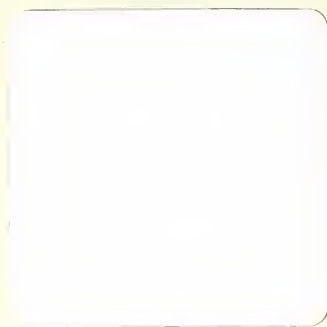
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The Dome:

a Quarterly containing Examples
of All the Arts

London : Published at **The Unicorn Press** xxvi Pater - Noster
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Inventory of the Works of Art in Number Four

Architecture and Sculpture :—

	Page
"A Staircase." A Drawing by G. B. Piranesi	9
"The Appian Way." An Etching by G. B. Piranesi	11
"The Arch of Augustus at Rimini." An Etching by G. B. Piranesi	13
"An Altar." An Etching by G. B. Piranesi	15
"Giovanni Battista Piranesi." A Note by L. A. Corbeille	17

Literature :—

"Little Saint Michael." A Story by Laurence Housman	27
"To Baby." A Poem by Louis Barsac	40
"A Snowless Christmas." A Poem	42
"Epiphany." A Poem	42
"The Lady Amaranth." A Conventional Farce by J. E. Woodmeald	43
"The Paralytic." A Poem by Laurence Binyon	58

Drawing, Painting and Engraving :—

	Page
"Vannes, Lower Brittany." A Drawing by Percy Wadham	61
"Wotan's Abschied." A Drawing by Alan Wright	63
Facsimile of Part of a Brush Drawing by Hokusai .	65
"The Wave." A Colour-Print by Hiroshige .	67
"Fuji through Rain." A Print by Hokusai .	69
"Hokusai." Note by Charles Holmes	71
"The Minuet." A Drawing by Malcolm Patterson	81

Music :—

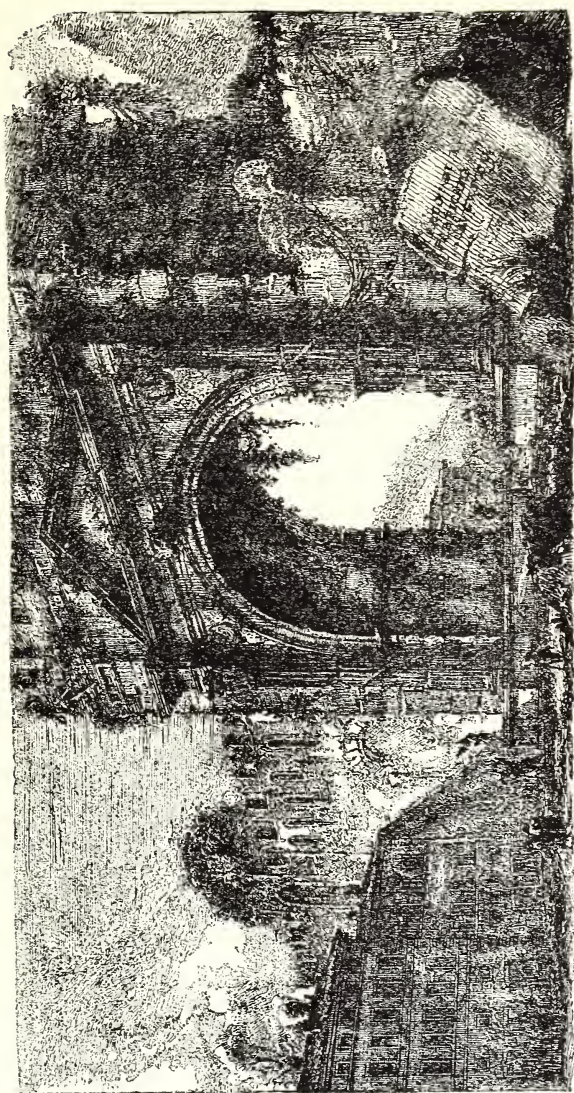
"Weisse Rosen." A Song : the Words by Martin Greif ; the Music by Ingeborg von Bronsart .	85
"Cradle Song." A Song : the Words by Alice Meynell ; the Music by Vernon Blackburn .	88
"Love Alone will Stay." A Song : the Words by C. Alice Elgar ; the Music by Edward Elgar .	90
"Wanted : An English Bayreuth." A Note by J. F. Runciman	92

Architecture and Sculpture





*Prospetto del Lustrato e de' margini dell' antica via Appia, delineato così come
si vede verso Roma poco più in qua della città d' Albano.*





Giovanni Battista Piranesi

Little will be said in this article about the particular examples of Architecture and Sculpture represented in the accompanying plates. For it must be admitted that, as records of carved and builded stones actually existing, the etchings of Piranesi are generally—in the current, petty meaning of the word—untrue. And further, although these plates are no doubt the best that can be given on the small page of *The Dome*, an engraved surface twenty times as large would be required to recall one of his thoroughly characteristic performances; for, almost without an exception, the finest prints are those which fold double into his imperial folios.

There is a phrase, with an intonation which almost always emphasises its cheap repetition, in contempt of “mere size”; but the very lordliness of scale on which he worked is undoubtedly the best starting-point for any appreciation of Piranesi’s genius, because it was proper to the man, inevitable. Size is not “mere” except with fumlbers; and although the crowd’s admiration invariably nourishes the megalomania which dis-

The Dome

tends a civic portrait to the dimensions of a giant's daubed advertisement outside a penny show, or the perverse industry which squeezes a coronation into a miniature and a battle-piece into a postage stamp, the masters heed only the commands of fitness. Schumann, being Schumann, could no more have worked up *Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai* into a movement of a symphony than Beethoven, being Beethoven, could have robbed, for a mere song's sake, Number Five of its first four notes. Piranesi was Piranesi, and therefore only plates of the noblest dimensions sufficed for the fulfilment of intentions which were always large, virile, and majestic.

Inscribing to popes and cardinals much of the almost incredible output (nearly two thousand plates in all) of his tireless hand and inexhaustible imagination, he wrought at Rome during a good half of the eighteenth century, being in the Church, yet not of it. Of course it is of Piranesi the artist, and not of Piranesi the man who held the Order of Christ, that this is said. The artist was a splendid pagan. In a round thousand of his plates I remember only one—and that, grimly enough, is a design for a torture-house—which contains a pointed arch. Mediæval Rome has almost passed away, and the ancients and the moderns, playing variations on the same themes, make nearly all the music. In architecture, at least, Rome is uncatholic. But even if Gothic monuments had abounded in Piranesi's day, his rendering of them had certainly been but half-hearted

Giovanni Battista Piranesi

task-work. For, seeking a city out of sight, set on a holier hill than any of the legendary seven, the Mediæval Church expressed its spirit in buildings which are never so wronged as when we call them "piles." Their spires and arches yearned towards the Infinite. The spirituality of the worship which they offered to the Light of Light they strove to symbolise ever more and more perfectly by purging away all gross and heavy masonry, till only airy traceries and soaring shafts remained. In their poignant other-worldliness they exactly opposed their pagan forebears, whose temples they had claimed for the God of gods—those magnificent old pagans, for whom the kingdom of heaven was already come in the stupendous power of Cæsar, and for whom the eye must be filled with seeing here or nowhere, in this life or not at all. Poets might sing, with elegant insincerity, of souls whirling like dead leaves along the dreary shores of Styx; but no life in Rome became other than nature prompted and laws compelled from hopes even of Elysian fields. Hence their temples were ponderous, mundane, vaunting; less tabernacles for condescending gods than boasting denials of human littleness and feebleness, shouted defiantly at Time, the hated devourer. And into all this pomp Piranesi enters, like an heir into his own. Despite the accident of his Venetian birth, he is a Roman of the Romans, a Magnificent of the Magnificents; and the eternal city is statelier between the covers of his princely folios than ever she was under a deified Cæsar. His columns and obelisks tower higher, and his

The Dome

arches are more triumphal. Piranesi's Colosseum is more colossal than Vespasian's; and though he has felt constrained to admit the great cross standing in the centre of it, he has not failed to express its impertinence. His temple of Jupiter Tonans is a forge for thunderbolts, and his Appian Way and Aqueduct of Nero, losing themselves in the farthest background, certainly stretch round the world.

His masterpieces are full of Time as well as Space. It may be said, generally, that the renderings by his hand of modern and well-preserved buildings are of inferior interest and merit. He was one of the first to use the ruler freely, and he never used it irrationally; but a fluted pillar represented by perfectly perpendicular lines is often a sign that the etching containing it is, for a Piranesi, almost negligible. His St. Peter's falls almost as far below the reality as his temple of Neptune at Paestum rises above it; and he earns his title of "the Rembrandt of Architecture"—though indeed his achievement is entitled to independent characterisation—when he deals with the battered relics of the Empire rather than the unmelting imitations of the Renaissance. And when his ruins rise, like gloomy wrecks, half buried in sand, and washed by tides of light and restless air, with seaweed-like trees and creepers clinging about them, he is unapproachable.

For, pagan though he be, this man does not try to blink the triumph of Time. He has his thought of Mutability, unutterably sad; then, rousing himself,

Giovanni Battista Piranesi

he bids us pluck to-day, and eat, drink, and be merry, who to-morrow die. Hence the figures which are almost invariably introduced into his compositions are rarely statuesque or contemplative, so as to make the Christian suggestion of Thought and the Soul transcending earthly change; but are nearly always drawn in attitudes the most momentary, and, considering the solemnity of the backgrounds, even flippant—dancing, gesticulating, gaming, contending, playing on pipes or horns. In one of the large views of the temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, for instance, ten out of thirteen figures are posed in this spirit. His men and women are bubbles and butterflies floating wantonly among massy columns and arches, which, for all their secular majesty, show by many a scar that they too cannot postpone for ever their day of doom.

But from this atmosphere, so heavily charged with pathos or with cynicism, his alert and unashamed imagination gave Piranesi a way of escape. That imagination is almost constantly evident in his renderings of actual buildings—so much so that one modern critic of no small pretensions dismisses him in half a dozen lines as “unreliable.” For reliable memoranda of the stones of Rome we should depend of course on that valuable artisan the photographer, and not on an artist like Piranesi, who shows us cascades and sepulchres and basilicas always through the medium of a wonderful personality; whose imperial imagination refuses to be suppressed in favour of a mechanical servitude to

The Dome

crude fact; who builds a temple more splendidly than any emperor, and ruins it more picturesquely than old Time. But the free handling of existing materials was not a sufficient outlet for his invention, and his creative power demanded untrammelled exercise. As the hundreds of careful ground-plans, sections, and elevations which are scattered among his works conclusively show, he was by no means ill-equipped as a practical architect, and he repaired at least two of the churches in Rome; but fortunately not much of his time was lost in the clerk-of-works routine, to which smaller men could better attend, and it was with the burin and the etching needle that he secured a place among the great architects. The collections of plates entitled *Opere Varie di Architettura Grottescha* and *Carceri*, which, with the large views of the antiquities of Rome, make up the irreplaceable bulk of his achievement, are on this point convincing. A smaller example of his superbly decorative *Grotesques* is given here—the *Ara Antica*, one of a number in which snakes wreath themselves about sarcophagi, and copious waters pour out of nothing into nowhere. Here also is a reproduction, not of a print but of an original drawing, which may serve to hint at the architectural splendours of his dreams. Unbelittled by the disenchantments which would have come from too much practical wrestling with doled-out materials and refractory patrons, he has produced inventions of overwhelming grandeur. There are groups of columns with lordly fountains, Temples

Giovanni Battista Piranesi

of Vesta, Theatres, Mausolea for Cæsars, and impossibly magnificent Palaces. Realising Piranesi's fantasies, Pharaoh's own taskmasters could not have spared one Israelite. They are piles at which thousands must sweat and groan for the pleasure and pride of tyrants ruling over millions. Nor could such dazzling splendour fail to cast its proper, awful shadow. It is only on dungeons that palaces can stand; and Piranesi in his *Carceri* has striven to tell us sixteen fearful dreams. He has invented dungeons huge enough for the torture of Titans, flights of a thousand stairs climbing to a sudden gulf and a sickening fall, monstrous beasts, things that crawl, and spiked beams and racks and ropes and wheels whose use may not be thought of. In these plates perhaps his genius found its most significant expression; but, thank God, they are conceived in a horror of darkness that never was on sea or land.

L. A. Corbeille.

The Proprietors of The Unicorn Press will be happy to furnish any reader of THE DOME who may ask for them with particulars of an Edition of Piranesi's CARCERI, of which Two Hundred Copies only will be produced. It will be ready in March.

Literature



Little Saint Michael

A sky sullen with snow hung over the expansive dreariness of the wintry fields, waiting, beggar-like, for the charitable mantle to fall and cover their nakedness. A wind hard-set and edged with frost nipped and bleaked in the limestone scarps, and the knolls of huddled timber that made stunted markings on the way across the fens.

A young peasant stamped wearily in his clogs to get warmth, as he dragged homewards in the uncomfortable twilight. In the cabin miles ahead scant warmth was waiting him; poverty filled his dwelling, and fed three hungry mouths with the thin leavened bread of hope for better chances on the morrow. His wife, to whom in these hard times he had become dumb from tenderness,—soft speech not being for the lips of the field-bred peasantry,—she was there; waiting for the little more warmth his coming would bring, another particle of animal life wedged into the small cabin to keep cold out of door; she waited; it was still three miles to go. Then there was the waif, the stray child without a home, who had come with the fall of the first

The Dome

cold winds from the heights, and claimed pity for its small wants ; so small that, until the black famishing winter had gripped their hearth, they had not felt the loss of the few necessary mouthfuls of bread. The wife had taken to the child ; it came to them from God ; God Who had set that burden on them would remember some day to be good.

Weary with travel, the peasant had not strength for the fast tread that should ring warmth into the blood. He shivered as he topped a slow rise, and looking out over a fresh stretch of waste, saw the heavy-lidded day drag into settled night. To the left, where the road wound under a barrow of bare hill, he heard a ticking sound among the stone of "Dead man's quarry," and saw a ruddy blade of light snap up the craggy side of the disused lime-pit.

The chirpy promise of warmth drew him within back view of a figure seated across a sack, chipping at the quarried stone surface with a small pick. At his feet burned a fire.

"What's your want?" asked the quarryman without turning, as the other drew near.

"For God's sake, only a little warmth!" answered the peasant ; "I am cold."

"That does not concern God, you may swear!" returned the other. "Make yourself warm without waiting on Him!"

There seemed to be bitter good sense in that, thought the peasant, now that he heard it so put.

Little Saint Michael

He sat down, and stretched feet and hands to the blaze. The fire, a lively one, ruffled and leapt from a nest of nothing save a few black sticks. The shivering man took a large hug of warmth, opening coat and vest for the heat to reach in to his skin. "'Tis a good fire, this!" said he. "It warms a man!"

"It never troubled to ask God to warm *it*!" retorted the other. "It goes its own way, and thrives."

The peasant looked at the few sticks. "'Twill be out soon."

"No!" said the other, "for it never calls on God. Those that call on God,—He drops them a mouthful of food, and they eat it, and, being thankful, are presently hungry again. To be sure, God is very merciful; but men are such sinners, His greatest mercy goes but a very little way!"

The peasant regarded the fire silently; in his mind he was slowly beginning to accuse God; why should he pray, and thank God, seeing that for all that he starved? "'Tis a good fire," he said again; "it warms a man!"

"You are warm?"

"Nearly; there is a bit of me that is cold."

"Ah!" queried the other, "where is that?"

"Under this metal cross that I wear, I am dead cold."

"Take it off!"

"But I have worn it for years."

"You can put it on again!"

The Dome

"To be sure I can!" He lifted it off. "Ah, ah!" he said, "now I feel warm all over."

"And no thanks to God for that!" said the quarryman.

"No, I suppose not," answered the young peasant. "I should be warmer at home, too, if God hadn't sent me another mouth to feed."

"And it will be more mouths, and more cold presently," returned the stone-cutter; "your wife is seeing to that."

It was true; a child of their own was promised to them shortly. "How do you know that?" asked the peasant.

"'Tis always so with the very poor. So you've a cold home?"

"Ay! cold like death; and a strange mouth to feed."

"And God's to thank for it all! Shall I give you some of my firing?"

"You have none to spare."

"Oh, but I have! This is none of your fires that wears itself out thanking God; this lasts."

"Lasts?"

"Ay! Pull out that stick with only the end just caught! I give you that to take home."

The poor peasant drew the brand out of the embers; at its end a little tongue of flame sat up, and hissed and spat. "It doesn't love Christians," said the quarryman. "The less you thank God, the better it

Little Saint Michael

will warm you. Go your ways now; we may meet again, I fancy."

"Luck be to our next meeting!" replied the peasant; "you have made me warm." He got up on to his feet, and set off once more on his homeward road. The firewood that he carried put out its little tongue of flame, and licked the darkness ahead with small feverish appetite. Presently the man felt at his breast: "I have forgotten my cross!" said he.

He paused for a moment, vexed with himself for his forgetfulness, but did not go back; for when he turned to retrace his steps, the wind, being from that quarter, threatened to put out the small flame he sheltered and nourished in his hand.

All the way he kept warm; and his mind ran on the quarryman's words: a wise fellow that seemed!

When he got home—"Christopher!" cried his wife, glad to hear the sound of his feet at the threshold. There was a loaf lying on the board, but the fire was out. The foundling had been up to the priory, where they had given him the bread in charity: the woman and child were both famishing, but they had waited for the pleasure of sharing the bread with him.

He eyed it grudgingly. "'Tis old, and looks mouldy enough!" he grumbled. "They keep their new bread for their own bellies! Here, I have brought warmth at least!" He beat the firewood upon the hearth, so that it broke out into a lively flame, and shot a glow up the chimney. He, his wife, and Michael, the found-

The Dome

ling, stooped over the blaze, eager to draw into themselves the influence of its warmth.

Presently the child crept in between the peasant's knees, as if for comfort, and looking up, asked sadly, "This fire, why does it give no heat?"

"No heat!" cried Christopher roughly; "what gives no heat, little stupid? Your body in between me and the fire gives no heat; go, and warm yourself in your own way! Out of doors, if this isn't warm enough for you!"

The child, turned out from the comfortable contact of human warmth, crouched down again with face and hands close to the flames. "It does nothing!" he said. "It has no warmth, none! Kind mammy, let me come over by you, and get warmth into my little body!"

The woman called him "a soft," but at first she let him come over and lie by her. Soon, however, she found that his body kept the heat of the fire from her; then, like her husband, she turned him out. "Foolish little Michael," said she, "if you come among poor folk you must be satisfied with what they can get for you!" She and her man were warm enough. She said to her husband, "This is comfort at last; the first since ever I married you!"

"Yes!" said he, huffed; "and it's my doing, and not yours; while I've laboured, you've been getting lazy!"

"Ah!" retorted the other, "and when my time of labour comes, it will not be your doing?"

Little Saint Michael

"The devil knows; I don't!" answered her husband.

The child, munching his hard crust of bread, heard for the first time his two friends quarrelling, and wondered what could have happened to make them so hot of tongue, and him so cold: for all this while the fire gave out to him no heat.

Before long the peasant and his wife turned into the cubby-bed by the hearth: a small recess in the wall with a wooden shutter. In a little while he could hear them asleep, cosy and warm within the barrier.

Sick with cold, the child curled himself on his own bed of sacks against the hearth, and lay watching the fire, and wondering why for him it gave out no heat. Then once more he began trying to see back into the past, to find out how life had brought him to this, and why God had made him come friendless and alone to a poor door where hearts were kind.

The fire still burned bright from the one stick upon the hearth; its flame ran out all round, making a large show. In the midst the brand turned red, and writhed like a live worm.

Presently the fire sprang off from the hearthstone and went, capering and dancing in two tongues, all over the floor. For a whole hour it danced so; then it ran back again to the brand on the hearth, and sucked in its tongues tight and small, only flicking a tip in and out again the whole night long.

The next day the stick still burned on the hearth as

The Dome

brightly as one might wish ; but the child shivered and gazed hard into the middle of it.

The husband went off to work in an ill-humour, and the wife, for the first time, had a hard word for the waif whom ill-fortune had left upon her hands. Instead of going out to gather more firewood, she sat and cuddled herself over the hearth.

Little Michael came, and, kissing her, said, "Mammy, that is a bad fire ; put it out !" But first she laughed, and then she was angry. "Have you only come here to trouble us ?" she asked, "and to make our poverty harder to bear ?"

All alone the little one went out into the bitter day ; here and there he went, gathering what wood he could find. He came back laden.

"This is good firewood !" he said, as he threw it on to the hearth. For a moment he felt a glow of warmth run through his frozen body, for a sudden flame shook itself high up to the roof ; but when he looked he saw that, in one instant, all his armful of sticks had been consumed, so that not an ash of them remained ; all burnt up by the fire that gave no heat !

"Little fool," cried the woman, "would you set the house on fire with your nonsense ?" and at that she fetched him a blow. The child grew very white ; he said, in a small whisper, "Oh, mammy, you have been so kind to me ; do not beat me ! If you do not want me any more, tell me to go."

But then she looked at him with some of her old

Little Saint Michael

kindness, and said, "I do not want you to go; only it makes me cross that you will not get warm."

"I cannot!" he said. It is a bad fire; it gives no heat."

Every day after this, things went from bad to worse. Whenever Christopher and his wife were together now they quarrelled; and the little foundling had to bear hard blows from them both.

"It is the bad fire," he whispered to himself; and night by night he watched the flames come out, when the other two slept, and dance about the cabin. Every night there were more and more, the room was full of them; and every evening, when the peasant and his wife were at blows and bickerings, the fire roared in the chimney like a blast-furnace.

One day little Michael was in the house alone. "I will put out the bad fire," he said. "They will beat me; but afterwards they will be kind to me again."

He brought in a pitcher of water, and emptied it over the hearth. But when he had emptied it, only a great white cloud of steam rose to the roof, and there was the evil fire as strong as before.

And now all day he sat looking into the heart of the fire, for there he saw something that moved and turned in the flame. "Do you see," he said one day to the peasant's wife, "what that is in the bad fire?"

She looked hard before she could see anything. "Why, it is a little salamander," she cried; "it means luck!"

The Dome

"No," said Michael; "this is something that grows, and keeps changing its skin."

The next day he went to beg for a certain water from the good monks. "Give me very much!" he said. So it was blessed fresh for him, and he brought it away.

At night, when the others were asleep, the flames ran out all over the room and danced; there were more of them than ever. Michael was very much afraid as he got up from his bedding, and went to bring the holy water out of its hiding-place. Finding it, he returned and began to sprinkle the room with it.

At that all the tongues of flame squeaked with fear, and ran back to the brand upon the hearth; and the little devil of the fire looked out to know what it all meant.

Michael, looking in, saw a merry little grig, sitting with knees akimbo in the flame, and eyes, sharp and peery, looking out at him. He was very sorry for the little under-world urchin; and, said he, sending only a small sprinkle of water over the hearth, "Come out, naughty one, and be baptized!"

The fire crackled and gasped; even at that little splash of holy water half of it gave up the ghost and went. Out sprang the little devil, all quivering and red with rage.

"That is right!" said Michael. "You come out of that bad fire!" And he threw on more water.

One little tongue of fire was all that was left; it leapt

Little Saint Michael

off the hearth, and sprang about the room to find an outlet for escape.

"Don't, don't, don't!" sobbed the little devil, catching at Michael's bare feet. "You are killing me with cold! Have pity on me, or I shall die!"

"Are you cold?" asked Michael sorrowfully. "Ah! I know *that* is sad." He opened his vest. "Creep in here, and I will keep you warm. But I must put out the bad fire; it hurts."

The little devil laughed so slyly, as he crept against Michael's warm heart, and felt its fast beat, cuddling a wicked jowl against the child's breast.

"He will not put out my fire now, now I have him so safe!" thought the little devil.

But Michael, with his holy water, put out the last of the wicked tongues; and at that the little devil gave a loud cry, and lay quite still on the child's heart. And Michael lay down again and felt cold, ever so much cold, striking deep down into him through body and limb; for outside had come the great frost, and inside the poor little devil lay stone-cold against his heart.

So there he lay on his coarse sack-bed, and prayed till his teeth chattered and divided the words, till even his brain was too frozen and cold to pray more.

"Oh, charity of God, take us out of this cold!"

In the morning, quite early, Christopher and his wife were woken by the bitter frost; for, now the fire was dead, it reached in even through the shutter of the cubby-bed by the hearth. And when they looked out

The Dome

they saw the little foundling Michael lying dead, and on his heart a small salamander lay curled, quite cold and dead also.

Then in their grief they knew how they had loved the poor foundling; a little late, but not too late, they knew it now. And in that grief they remembered also their love for each other, which they had almost forgotten till this cold came again to remind them.

Husband and wife went to the door and opened it for the child's spirit to pass out, if by chance it still lingered; and by the grey morning light, peace and sorrow made friends again in the two hearts.

Could their eyes have seen a little farther, they might have had sight of another door.

There stood Peter, wary and wise, whistling up souls from below by blowing cannily into his golden keys.

To him, from the early winter's morning that lay below, a child came, bearing in his arms something which first wriggled and peered, then nestled and hid deep.

And the child, without knocking, said, "Open, Peter, and let me in!"

St. Peter smiled, and looking at the small newcomer with friendly wisdom, said, "Oh, little Michael, there is no lock that will not let *you* in!"

"But it is *us*!" said the child, and he opened his vest a little way to show that something was there. At that, whatever it was nestled and burrowed deeper to be out of sight.

"What is 'us'?" asked Peter.

Little Saint Michael

And Michael said, "It is a poor little devil that I drove out of house and home, and he was cold and had no one but me to go to ; so, being also a foundling, and cold, for very fellowship I pitied him !"

Then Peter laughed, and said, " This is a new Michael, indeed, that comes to-day carrying the devil in his bosom instead of trampling him under foot ! What shall old Michael say to it ? Nay, let me see this little devil of yours !"

So Peter plucked open Michael's robe, and saw there, coiled up in great fear and trembling, a little silver salamander, whose eyes blinked timidly, lispng the celestial light.

Then Peter threw the door wide, and showed within the other Michael, his great warrior head bowed to the keyhole listening, and his body shaken with bright immortal laughter.

And said great Michael to little Michael, folding him in his arms, "Where, then, are the other salamanders you left behind ?"

At that the silver one sprang up, and coiled to perk its word at little Michael's ear : "They are far off," it said, "and busy about their father's business ! But give them time, Michael, and they will come ! Oh, they will come !"

Laurence Housman.

To Baby

O baby, how came you to feel,
What wizardry taught you to find
That the world has a world to reveal
Beyond the wee world of your mind?

How dawned on your dear little eye
The myriad unfoldings of things:
That blue-breasted eagle, the sky,
With clouds for the down on its wings,

The buzz of a bee on a pane,
The chink of a bundle of keys,
The blob and the splash of the rain,
The twinkle of leaves on the trees,

The chubby round face of the moon,
The dance of the flame of the fire,
The jingle of teacup and spoon,
The tick of the watch of your sire?

To Baby

When the cradle a Patmos became,
And you, an apostle, lay there,
And the heavens with visions aflame
First broke on your infantile stare,

When the shy little selfing within
First crept to the door to peep out,
And you saw the odd world-play begin,
Did Wonder give baby her pout?

O baby dear, what do you think?
If I were a baby like you,
My bright little eyes I would blink,
And just let the knowledge drip through.

Louis Barsac.

A Snowless Christmas

I'm glad that Christmas comes not white
 With legendary snow;
 With pomp of stars and moonshine bright,
 Like Yules of long ago.

I'm glad these mists enswathe the earth,
 While rain beats through the gloom:
They mind me of a manger birth
 And an inn with no room.

Epiphany

A hundred stars, a thousand stars
 Begem to-night the splendid skies;
A thousand stars, a million stars,
 And, 'neath each one, He lies, He lies!

From an inedited

“Little Christian Year.”

The Lady Amaranth

A Conventional Farce

Scene:—*The ruins of a mediæval castle. On the left a river, overhung by a broken tower, with an ivy-grown, winding staircase. It is a warm autumn evening. A bright moon, almost at the full, disappears and reappears. GERTRUDE enters in a waterproof cloak, the hood drawn over her head. She spends a few moments in throwing ground-bait into the river.*

GERTRUDE:—That'll fetch 'em! (*She begins to move away; then returns and stands looking at the moon on the water.*) But what a wonderful evening! If I don't get a single bite to-morrow, I shall still be glad I slipped out to-night. The water and the wind among the reeds—and the moon! Just now it was enmeshed in the trees; then it was smothered in a cloud; and now it is riding free among the stars. If I had never met a sentimentalist I should be one—I, who am the admitted leader of the laugh against him. Yet what a sorry thing that we can't all be sentimentalists now

The Dome

and again! We're not laughed at for being more religious in Lent, or for going mad about politics during a General Election. I'll begin to set myself a good example, and not laugh at this mood of mine to-night. The accessories are quite absurdly conventional, of course,—these ruins, and the moon, and the wind, and the ivy, and the water, and the reeds. A sarcasm about them would be too stale and cheap to be worth the while of making. If the common, coarse, sentimentalist were here, desecrating this place and this night with his babblings of how they make him feel, I should laugh at him and them together. But he isn't here—nor she either. It's all mine to-night, all mine! (*She remains gazing at the moonlit river. On the right a sound is heard of snapping twigs and branches pushed aside and swinging back.*) Who's that? It's none of the keepers. A poacher ——? (*She runs up the winding staircase, and conceals herself near the top of the tower. THOMAS, in a flowing cloak and a soft, broad-brimmed hat, emerges from the trees, and strides into the midst of the ruins.*)

THOMAS:—No hireling hinders me! I have dared the guns and dogs of their keepers, and despised the puny threats of their notice-boards. Here I stand—and who shall bid me go? (*He glares defiance all around, then continues gloomily.*) But alack and alas for the evil days which have fallen on Ripplestone and on the Grandcourts' ancient line. Across the seas they wander, scattered and poor, on unfriendly shores, while

The Lady Amaranth

strangers—the upstart Navensbys—by no right save that of base gold, usurp their ruined home. I, alone, who am of their lineage in spirit if not by blood; I, the heir of their chivalry, though not of their lands and their name; I, alone, revisit their grass-grown halls. Ye Grandcourts—ye dead, proud, Grandcourts—I am here!

GERTRUDE (*in the tower, to herself*):—There's no doubt about it! Fortunately, the dead, proud Grandcourts keep calm.

THOMAS:—Ye Navensbys—ye intruders, usurpers—I am here!

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—So am I—an intruding, usurping Navensby! And I have, all of a sudden, a strange feeling as if I'm not going to faint. In fact I'm getting distinctly interested. I'm not to be a sentimentalist after all. Mr. Grandcourt there will do it for me. Ye Smiths and Joneses, I am here!

THOMAS (*still more gloomily*):—Yet what hard fate is mine—that I am here now—that I drag out my life—now. By what sad hap was I born amid the harshness of this sorry age? My portion surely should have been with the stout knights and fair-haired maidens of the centuries long past. To break in the lists a well-borne lance, and win a guerdon from the hand of Beauty's Queen; to smite the paynim on a distant field, and ride to battle with nodding crest, in the king's name and my lady's; to heed the resounding horn, and hunt the red deer over meads and through woodlands,

The Dome

and to drain a full bowl at the night's carouse in this banqueting hall—to deeds like these ought I to have been born. But I am here—now. And Ripplestone is in ruins, and chivalry is dead. (*He sits down on a great stone, and buries his face in his hands.*)

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—I've swindled the management. The free list should be entirely suspended. I ought to have paid two guineas at least for this dear, little private box. But I wish that tiresome boy would be quick and bring me a programme. "Ripplestone Revisited; or, the Lunatic's Lament." There, they are turning the limelight on. (*The moon shines out unhindered.*) Poor fellow! But he does it well. Now, I'll bet anything he is overwhelmed by a memory, and in a minute he'll spring to his feet with a sudden and uncontrollable yearning. See—he springeth!

THOMAS (*rising suddenly*):—Yes, I am like a lion among cats. In the midst of pigmies I move, unhappy and misunderstood—I, who belong of right to an heroic age! Perchance, hundreds of years ago, many a deer lived a longer life in these woodlands, because I was not here to bend my bow. Nay, who knows but that battles have been lost for lack, at the fateful moment, of my strong arm, my dauntless courage, my inspiring war-cry? And, alas—most bitter drop of all in my cup—alas, what beauteous damsel was it who languished in her bower, and pined, and died, because her destined lover came not?

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—Well, if he shortened the

The Lady Amaranth

darling's life, at least he lengthened the deer's. That's a very old pun though, and a vile one too; and all the same, this is a solemn lesson in the awful results of impunctuality,—though it's a little hard that a man should miss so much just because he turns up a trifling five hundred years late. But I interrupt the performance. The pit will hiss at me.

THOMAS (*in reproachful melancholy*):—Ah! Amaranth, Amaranth, golden-haired Amaranth! What were your maiden thoughts, as for your companions, their knights came one by one, and left you withering like a rose unseen upon its stalk? Haply, in one of these very towers you nursed your grief, and poured out your complaints to this very moon which now, upon my despair, looks so coldly down. Alas! sweet, faithful Amaranth! Didst thou fall asleep in death's great arms, in a sure hope that you would meet your knight at last—that he would meet his Amaranth—that Amaranth would meet her Thomas?

GERTRUDE (*stifling a burst of laughter, to herself*):—Thomas! Thomas!! Oh Thomas!!! At least, Montmorenci, or Plantagenet, poor hero! Yet Thomas has said his little part very nicely, after all, and quite like a little gentleman. He's spoilt my sentimental hour, but I can't very well do less than fling him a bouquet over the footlights when he stops and makes his bow. (*She tears some long trails of ivy from the wall, and begins to twist them into a wreath.*)

The Dome

THOMAS (*beseekingly*):—Amaranth—dead, long dead, yet ever living, ever loving! Can it be that thy sweet and faithful spirit still haunts these halls, and waits for me? If thou art here, I conjure thee to speak! Three times I will call thy name. (*He makes a single stride forward, pauses, and then calls.*) Amaranth!

GERTRUDE (*to herself quickly, and overflowing with delight*):—Oh, this is lovely—too perfectly, perfectly lovely for anything! Thomas, most doughty and chivalrous knight, you shall repay me ten times over for my sentimental hour,—as sure as I'm a Navensby, as sure as you're not a Grandcourt! (*She throws back her hood swiftly, unbinds her hair, and wreathes it with the ivy.*)

THOMAS (*taking another long step forward*):—Amaranth! (*The moon completely retires. GERTRUDE casts aside her cloak. She is clad in white, and her arms and throat are bare.*)

GERTRUDE:—How splendid I happened to put on this gown for dinner! Ye Smiths and Joneses—this isn't my own little private two-guinea box any longer—it's Juliet's balcony! My Romeo—I mean, Sir Thomas—the heroine's ready for her cue!

THOMAS (*slow and sombre*):—She answers not. To mock my still more gloomy soul the heavens themselves grow dark. Yet one last call, although it be in vain. (*He advances again, reaching the foot of the tower.*) Amaranth!

(*The moon bursts out of the cloud in broadest splendour.*)

The Lady Amaranth

GERTRUDE, *her ivy-wreathed hair falling over her white robe and shoulders, steps forth into full light.*)

GERTRUDE:—Thomas!

THOMAS (*staggering back with a cry, and then falling on his knees in terror*):—Heaven—help!

GERTRUDE (*in gracious, clear tones*):—Why must thou ask for help from heaven? Dost think I am some hell-born spirit sent hither to allure thee in deceitful guise?

THOMAS:—Then—who—who are you? (*He makes a great effort to recover himself.*) I mean—speak! Who art thou?

GERTRUDE (*chiding him gently*):—In the flesh thou hast never beheld me. Therefore I blame not thy bewildered eyes.

THOMAS (*to himself*):—In the flesh—never beheld her in the flesh! She is a spirit! And yet—after the first shock—I'm sure I'm not a bit afraid—or hardly a bit, at anyrate.

GERTRUDE:—Thine eyes I blame not. But thine heart, Thomas, thine heart—

THOMAS (*increasingly reassured by her unspectral mien and kindly tones, to himself boastfully*):—No, I'm not one atom afraid; I know I'm not. Nine out of ten would have run away, terrified out of their wits. But I've always said that if ever a ghost crossed my path I would boldly demand its secret, and I stand here to-night undaunted and true to my word.

GERTRUDE:—Dost not thine heart know me,

The Dome

Thomas? Cast away thy fear. Thou hast thy desire. Thou demandest my name, while in very truth the echoes thou hast thrice awakened still whisper it in thine ear.

THOMAS (*springing up excitedly*):—It cannot be! Yet it must be! Answer me, beautiful spirit! Is it Amaranth?

GERTRUDE:—I am Amaranth.

THOMAS (*falling on his knees in rapturous devotion*):—Heaven be praised, who has sent me my Amaranth.

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—What luck that I felt myself bound to read that conceited Lady Bodmin's novel—that sentimental, interminable, historical novel—"Fair Eleanor of Somewhere-or-other!" Where should I have been if I'd shirked it? But now these ridiculous old words, and the grammar and all the other rubbish come out quite pat. Blessings on your red hair, my Lady Bodmin! (*Aloud.*) On this night of every year have I waited for thy coming. Five hundred times I have sped here full of eager longing; five hundred times have carried back a hungry, empty heart to the cold tomb alone—alone, to the cold, cold tomb.

THOMAS (*gasping and terror-struck again*):—I—I couldn't possibly get here before, really.

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—"Cold tomb—alone to the cold, cold tomb"—that was quite delicious! (*To THOMAS.*) But thou art come at last. Now let my spirit talk with thine. Climb hither to my side. (*To herself.*) I can hear his teeth chattering!

The Lady Amaranth

THOMAS (*with a shudder*):—I—I should like to come up ever so much, but those steps haven't been mended for years.

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—I can see the poor wretch's hair lifting his preposterous hat off. (*To THOMAS.*) They are safe at least for a spirit's feet. See, I will descend to thee!

THOMAS (*once more beside himself with fear*):—No, no, no! Don't—please don't come! I can hear you down here awfully well, and see you awfully well too; really I can, really!

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—My fish must be played with gently, or he'll break the line and be off like lightning. (*Aloud.*) Thy words are indeed words of strangeness. How sayest thou? That thine Amaranth is awful to hear, awful to behold? (*She sits down, pretending to weep, and wrings her hands and smites her breast.*) Alas, alas, alas! I had hoped thou wouldst find me sweet and gracious and beautiful, and that thou wouldst find joy and peace in my speech and my presence. But I am awful to hear, awful to behold.

THOMAS (*plucking up courage as she begins to cry, to himself*):—Thank heaven she isn't coming down! Of course, I wasn't a bit frightened, but after all a man would be a fool not to be reasonably careful when a ghost is in the case. What's she crying for so bitterly, though? She says I called her "awful." Thus to slip into the silly slang of this flippant age

The Dome

was indeed foolish of me, and unworthy. And I can't explain. (*Aloud.*) Fair Amaranth—

GERTRUDE (*more heartbroken than before*):—No, no; I pray thee cajole me not with flattering lies. I am awful of speech, awful to look upon. Alas, alas! five hundred years of lonely grief have changed and withered me indeed!

THOMAS:—Nay, weep not, gentle Amaranth, beautiful Amaranth! Thou art altogether sweet and fair,—and—and I should have taken you for ever so many years younger,—honestly I should.

GERTRUDE (*to herself*):—That means, I look about four hundred and fifty, I suppose. “Why does a woman look old sooner than a man?” I must use somebody's hair-restorer. But we're not getting on. (*To THOMAS.*) And thou hast joy in beholding me, and no fear?

THOMAS:—N-no. (*To himself.*) I'm perfectly certain I haven't a bit.

GERTRUDE:—Ah, then, without the passing of a multitude of words, I know thine heart's thoughts. The churlish men and loveless women of this petty epoch fret thy knightly spirit. (*To herself.*) Blessings, battalions of blessings, Lady Bodmin, on your red curls. They are auburn ringlets, I'm certain. (*Again to THOMAS.*) Untimely born, thou hast unending sorrow at Ripplestone in ruins and chivalry dead!

THOMAS (*much enheartened*):—Verily, sweet Amaranth, thy words are words of truth. Life in this age is

The Lady Amaranth

indeed hard, and full of humiliation. (*Hotly, as a reminiscence suddenly strikes him.*) Why, only to-night, as I was knocking-off for tea, the boss bawled out "Hoggins"—

GERTRUDE (*showing wide-eyed bewilderment*):—"Knocking-off"—"tea"—"boss—boss"—"Hoggins"—what meanest thou by such strange sounds as these?

THOMAS (*to himself, crestfallen at the accident to his diction*):—Hang it! (*Raising his head with an attempt to pass the matter off.*) Men call me Hoggins—Thomas Hoggins—but I stand here to-night superior to them all. The intruders on these ancient halls I despise, and I tread the base-born usurper under my heel. For by sympathy though not by blood, in spirit though not in the flesh, I am a scion of the Grand-count's noble house. I belong to the past. I belong to the days of chivalry. I belong—

GERTRUDE (*rising with a pleading gesture*):—To Amaranth!

THOMAS (*ardently*):—Yes—to Amaranth.

GERTRUDE:—Thou lovest thine Amaranth?

THOMAS:—I worship her.

GERTRUDE:—And thou hatest thy present life—thy "knocking-off"—thy "boss"—the churls who call thee "Hoggins"?

THOMAS (*bitterly*):—I spurn and loathe them all!

GERTRUDE:—And thou art fain to lay down thy hated tasks and to join the jousting knights and gallant troubadours, the stately dames and fair-haired

The Dome

maidens? (*To herself.*) Sweet darling, lovely Lady Bodmin!

THOMAS:—With all my soul I crave their company—the glorious company of my proper peers.

GERTRUDE:—Thou longest to follow the huntsman's horn; to strike spurs into thy neighing horse, and force a score of infidels to bite the dust of the—the blood-drenched field; to pledge and keep thy knightly troth to one gentle lady? (*Aside.*) Lady Bodmin, I will read your Poems.

THOMAS (*with the utmost ardour*):—I hunger, I thirst, I fret, I pine, I die for this very bliss! I yearn for it with all my heart and all my soul. I would die for it, I swear.

GERTRUDE:—Ah, that I could but believe thee! With all thy heart—with all thy soul?

THOMAS:—Amaranth, how canst thou doubt? With all my heart—all my soul! (*He falls romantically upon his knees.*)

GERTRUDE:—Forgive me, Thomas. Forgive thy doubting Amaranth. (*To herself.*) “Doubting Amaranth.” I wonder whether something about “Doubting Thomas” would sound too Ancient—or Modern. I won't risk it.

THOMAS:—I forgive thee.

GERTRUDE:—Then hearken. In a few brief moments the clock will strike the end of my yearly hour among these ivy-clad halls of our fathers. Five hundred times its strokes have been for me a funeral knell, a

The Lady Amaranth

tolling for my hungry soul passing alone to the cold tomb. But this night they shall be our wedding chime.

THOMAS (*again growing fearful*):—Our wedding chime?

GERTRUDE:—Yes, our wedding chime. For know, Thomas, dauntless and faithful knight, how alone my weary spirit can find release. Obey me. Stand thou on the river's brink. (*He minces timorously to the water's edge, under the tower.*) Say, mirrored in the moonlit moat dost see the image of my form?

THOMAS (*miserably stammering*):—I—I see it.

GERTRUDE:—Then list once more. With all thy hero's heart, with all thy lofty soul, thou art hungry and thirsty to join, with thine Amaranth, the knights of long ago. Thou hast sworn thou wouldst lay down thy life. Oh, how easy the way—how easy the way for a knight so noble and so fearless!

THOMAS:—What—is—it?

GERTRUDE:—Just as the moon begins to burrow under yon sullen cloud, the clock will strike. Then thou hast but to plunge, before my image fades, into the welcoming flood. In its clear depths thou shalt clasp not my shadow, but my soul; and in mine arms thy spirit shall be borne away to the blest abodes of chivalry.

THOMAS (*in terror*):—But if I fail—if I am afraid—?

GERTRUDE (*proudly*):—My Thomas fail—my Thomas be afraid—oh, mock me not, undaunted hero, fearless

The Dome

knight! Yet I will answer thy light words and barren questionings. If Thomas fail, if Thomas be afraid—but hark! The Hound of Heaven! (*A keeper's dog barks not far off. To herself.*) “Hound of Heaven” was glorious, perfectly glorious. Wonder where I heard it? (*The dog howls again.*) His knees are knocking together. I can hear his heart thumping right up here! (*Aloud.*) The Hound of Heaven—the Hound of Heaven!

THOMAS (*gasping in horror*):—What will it do; oh, what will it do?

GERTRUDE (*solemnly and slowly*):—If Thomas fail, if Thomas be afraid—then, once more, and for the last time, the bell will toll my funeral knell, and not my wedding chime. (*The dog howls again, and louder. To herself.*) It's that darling, Nero! He shall have an extra biscuit for this to-morrow, good old dog. (*He howls again.*)

THOMAS (*in agony*):—What will it do; oh, what will it do?

GERTRUDE (*with growing animation*):—If Thomas fail, with many a pitiless bark and cruel bite the panting hound must hunt him forth. If Thomas be afraid, he must fly, fly, fly from the sharp, white fangs and the lolling tongue, to his only refuge in the cold tomb. The cold tomb, the cold tomb for ever, and ever, and ever! But the hour is come! My knight, my hero, my love, seize thy guerdon—plunge into bliss—and take thine Amaranth! (*The clock begins the chime before striking the hour.*)

The Lady Amaranth

THOMAS *feebly uplifts clasped hands as for a dive, advances a few inches and then recoils in horror. The moon disappears. He rushes wildly into a corner of the ruins and huddles there with his face to the wall, shaking as the bell slowly tolls out ten. There is a sudden gust of rain.*)

GERTRUDE (*no longer laughing, but with mingled pity and scorn*):—A Daniel come to judgment!—a sentimentalist, I mean. (*She quickly replaces her cloak and hood, trips down the steps, and opens her umbrella. As the dog howls, long and loud and near, she touches THOMAS'S shoulder.*)

THOMAS (*with a frightful scream*):—Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy! (*He turns to run, and sees GERTRUDE; then staggers a few feet off, speechless with relief and astonishment.*)

GERTRUDE (*briskly and decidedly*):—Mr. Hoggins, you will do well to run home as quickly as you can. We can't answer for our dogs when they find strangers in the park at night. As for the trespass, I shall take care—my name is Navensby, you know—that you have a summons to-morrow. But run home as fast as you can. It's raining, and I'm afraid you may get wet after all.

J. E. Woodmeald.

The Paralytic

He stands where the young faces pass and
throng;
His blank eyes tremble in the noonday
sun;
He sees all life, the lovely and the strong,
Before him run.

Eager and swift, or group'd and loitering, they
Follow their dreams, on busy errands sped,
Planning delight and triumph; but all day
He shakes his head.

Laurence Binyon.

Drawing, Painting and
Engraving



VANNES - LOWER BRITAIN





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Hokusai

In the case of the great realist of Japan, the writer of a short study has no excuse for indulging in biographical detail. The works of Dr. Anderson, M. Gonse, Mr. Strange, and others, the monographs of Edmond de Goncourt and M. Révon, contain enough history and bibliography to satisfy anybody; and, where such a mine of information lies open to those who are really interested, it is waste of time to do more than give such brief notes as may indicate Hokusai's general position.

He was born at Yedo in 1760, his father being a mirror-maker. At the age of eighteen he entered the school of the great Shunsho, having already gained some experience as an engraver, but in 1786 a difference arose between master and pupil, which ended in the latter setting up on his own account, designing *surimono*s (New-Year cards), illustrating novels, and even writing them. Real success and reputation came in 1812, when he published the first volume of his *Mangwa*, nine more being issued before 1820. The next fifteen years saw the publication of the greatest

The Dome

works of his life—the *Thirty-Six Views of Fuji*, the *Waterfalls*, and the *Bridges*. Two more volumes of the *Mangwa* appeared in 1834,—a disastrous year for the artist, since, owing to the misdeeds of a grandson, he had to leave Yedo and live in hiding at Uraga. Five years later he returns to Yedo, only to be crushed by another calamity—the burning of his house and all his drawings. By this accident, and a long series of bad harvests, he was again reduced to poverty, though matters seem to have improved before his death, in 1849, in his ninetieth year. That the aged artist was cheerful to the end may be surmised from the following letter, written during his last illness, to an old friend:—

“King Yemma (the Japanese Pluto) is very old and is retiring from business, so he has built a pretty country house, and asks me to go and paint a *kake-mono* for him. I am thus obliged to leave, and when I leave I shall carry my drawings with me. I am going to take a room at the corner of Hell St., where I shall be happy to see you whenever you pass that way.

“HOKUSAI.”

During this long life, which began while Hudson and Hogarth were still painting, and did not end until Rossetti had produced his *Annunciation*, it is not wonderful that the art of Hokusai should have changed and developed greatly. Yet the alteration of the art of Japan in that century was more radical than that of English art, and more remarkable too, for it was not

Hokusai

the outcome of a series of political and intellectual experiments, but the work of a single man—the subject of this note. That he recognised these changes in his own attitude is clear from the well-known preface to the *Hundred Views of Fuji*:—

“Since the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I have learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have attained a marvellous rank, and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it but a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word.

“Written at the age of seventy-five by me, once Hokusai, to-day Gwakio Rojin, the old man mad about drawing.”

While a member of the school of Shunsho he drew more or less in the manner of his master; indeed, distinct traces of the older style remain in all the prints issued during the first fifty years of his life. In spite of a certain realism in the drawing of personal likeness or momentary gesture, the book illustrations and *surimono*s of this period seem, to the casual eye, so nearly akin

The Dome

to the classical art before them, that one is not prepared for the revolution that was so soon to follow. We may note, nevertheless, a certain freshness of definite pink, blue, or apple-green that is really as distinct from the less obvious harmonies of the eighteenth century as the passages of naturalistic drawing are from its conventions of sweeping curvature. In fact, up to the year 1810, Hokusai is chiefly distinguishable from his forerunners by a sense of individuality that often makes his figures separate people instead of mere types of elegance or force, by a delicacy of handling on a small scale that rivals the best work of Utamaro, and by colour that, while it is often as harmonious as that of his master, is usually less dependent upon subtle half-tints.

The publication of the first of the *Mangwa* in 1812 sounded a definite note of revolution which, in the end, entirely altered the course of Japanese art. In the face of determined opposition on the part of the brilliant eclectic Yosai, as well as of the older artists, Hokusai achieved an overwhelming popular success with these volumes of naturalistic sketches. The series comprises drawings of almost everything that can be the subject of pictorial art. Majestic landscapes mix with studies of pots and pans, artisans and acrobats accompany the gods and heroes of Japanese legend. All alike are drawn with a touch that, in its squareness, its seizing of emphatic angles, has something of the best realistic tradition of China. As originally printed in grey and

Hokusai

pink, their delicate tones remedy any brushwork which may seem over-forcible in the blacker copies made to suit our unpractised taste. Oddly enough, though their issue covers a period of thirty-seven years, the books, from first to last, vary but little in style. The drawing becomes more fluent as time goes on—that is all. The real change came with the publication of the first volume.

The *Mangwa* series, with which may be associated the three similar volumes known as *Gwafu*, was, however, little more than an occasional diversion for the prolific artist. He still continued to illustrate novels, but produced also many treatises on design, dancing, and trades, as well as subjects from legendary history. The painting of a colossal figure, that is said to have covered more than two hundred square yards of paper, made his name a household word in his own country; but for us the three great sets of prints executed between the years 1823 and 1830 are of more importance. The *Thirty-Six Views of Fuji* (there are forty-six plates) is Hokusai's masterwork. The print popularly known as "The Wave," which is here reproduced, is perhaps the most remarkable of them all, but several others display a grandeur of conception and an originality of design that are hardly inferior. The mountain from which they take their title is often nothing more than a subordinate feature which gives scale and atmosphere. Once, indeed (in the view of the bridge of boats in winter), Fuji does not seem to appear at all. The whole

The Dome

set, in fact, is a series of studies in massive composition, emphasised by simple colour. The *Waterfalls* and *Bridges* are more limited by considerations of subject-matter, though each is in its way unsurpassable—the former in majesty, the latter in the setting and spacing of formal architecture. A few years later the well-known volumes of the *Hundred Views of Fuji* were given to the world. Here the great mountain is really the leading motive, whether it appears as a shapely pyramid on the distant horizon; as a vast shadow seen through a spider's web, reflected in the sea, or in a showman's camera; whether it glimmers dimly through rain and snow, or rises cold and clear far over the level fields. The playful humour of the *Mangwa* is for the most part absent—it would seem as if the sacred mountain had quieted even the boisterous spirit of its painter. Possibly, too, as with Rembrandt, the sterner side of his nature was emphasised by the trouble and poverty which had already begun to threaten him. During the next few years he was hardly able to keep himself, even by producing a mass of pot-boilers, rough in handling and unequal, nay, often unpleasant in colour. Towards the end of his life things changed for the better, but he produced no work that was quite as important as that of his seventh decade, so that if we are to feel his greatness, our study of Hokusai's art must be founded upon the volumes of the *Mangwa*, of the *Gwafu*, of the *Hundred Views of Fuji*, and on the separate prints that make up

Hokusai

the *Thirty-Six Views of Fuji*, the *Bridges*, and the *Waterfalls*.

One may add that, though in buying Japanese prints it is always dangerous to put one's trust in signatures, it is especially so in the case of the subject of the present article, because he changed his *nom de pinceau* more than twenty times.

As a draughtsman Hokusai is pre-eminent in a nation where skill with the brush is a necessary accomplishment for every educated person. Swift and certain by nature, he took every care to improve his powers by study. We have quoted the preface to the *Hundred Views of Fuji*—to this may be added the evidence of the unrivalled collection of his drawings lately in the possession of Captain Brinckley. Here we find that even the little figures of the *Mangwa* were only the outcome of a whole series of preliminary studies, usually of a large size, and often ruled across for accurate reduction. His touch becomes at will delicate or rugged, playful or severe. A large fish will be drawn scale by scale, each being formed by one deft stroke, and the feat is repeated over and over again, on everything that he deals with, as if it were the easiest thing in the world. Indeed, a brush drawing in my possession, a small part of which is here reproduced of the actual size, is finished with such accurate perfection that one can hardly realise that it is a drawing at all. The Chinese influence is, of course, evident; but the tossing hair, and the clutch of the fingers on the spear-

The Dome

shaft are rendered as only a master could render them. One may note specially this exquisite knowledge of hands and feet,—the tests of a great draughtsman,—and the mastery of instantaneous action that gives his creations life with a directness that recalls the sketches of Rembrandt. It is unfortunate that our public collections should contain so few of his drawings, for they cannot be examined too carefully.

Colour, on the other hand, is made subordinate to drawing and dramatic effect. In his mature work Hokusai is usually content with a few simple tints that harmonise well enough, but hardly call for lengthy notice. The result is always pleasing; occasionally, as in the large prints of flowers, quite exquisite, and in a few of the landscapes really magnificent. In the case of an art that gives us so much, we have no right to grumble if some one element is deliberately held in restraint. To attack Hokusai's colour is like attacking Michel Angelo for not being Titian.

The skill in pattern-making which before the realistic revolution found its material in the slender forms and long trailing robes of women, afterwards glorified the curves of wave and mountain. In Hokusai the old languid graces are freshened by the sharp contrast of angular forms, while there still remains the dignity that comes of mere spacing—the balancing of a given amount of force and motion by a large expanse of restful vacancy. Unlike his followers and imitators, unlike most other masters of realistic detail, who are fettered by the

Hokusai

troublesome wish to make every part of their work equally interesting, Hokusai understands that when all which is necessary to the desired effect is rightly placed, every added touch is not merely neutral but actually destructive. Thus he never fails to be dramatic, however complex his matter may be, for his aim is never divided. With Hiroshige, for example, a great rock, a distant mountain, and an expanse of water will struggle for supremacy in the same design, but we can never doubt for a moment what it is that Hokusai wants us to like best. If, as an almost necessary consequence of his revolt, he uses broken lines and small forms to a degree that made his name a byword among lovers of the older art, he very rarely fails to bind his detail into large coherent masses, where it becomes at last as unpretentious as the gorgeous dress patterns beloved of his predecessors. One can hardly say as much for the realistic painters of our own hemisphere.

In Oriental art we almost always find taste, occasionally exquisite talent; but in one instance only do we meet with a really great intellect. That intellect was Hokusai's. It has the strength and insight of a Durer, but instead of the German's brooding melancholy, there is a blitheness, a naturalness that is almost Greek. When we add to this the fact that Hokusai could arrest those fleeting feminine graces whose delineation has in itself been almost enough to make an Utamaro,—nay, a Watteau,—we can form some idea of the scope of his genius. Unfortunately, a man's taste and wit are often

The Dome

all that one discovers from casual acquaintance ; so Hokusai comes to be regarded as the funny man of Japan. Those who study him long enough will find that behind his intense curiosity and enormous accomplishment, there lies a synthetic faculty that places him among the few great artists who have been able not only to dissect but to recompose.

C. J. Holmes.



Music

Weisse Rosen.

Seidicht von Martin Greif.
English by Frank Siller.

Musik von
Ingeborg von Bronsart.

Andantino

Weisse Ro sen,
Ro- ses, ro-... ses,

Weisse Ro- sen, Ach! wie blüht ihr doch so spät,
love... ly ro... ses, ah! too late to bloom you grow,

rit...

rit... a tempo

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *a tempo*

längst du küs- sen und du Ko- sen *mf* Nim... mermehr dies
thoughts of love and sweet ca-... res... sing left this heart long

dim

mf poco rit. *a tempo* *dim*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Herr long ver.....steht!
a.....go!

poco rit a tempo

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

PO wie stand es, O wie stand es anders in der
Fair-er fair-er, oh so fair-er seems the bloom in

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Mai en reit, damals damals wohl empfand es,
car ly May then oh then the youth-ful heart, oh

pizz. rit. a tempo cres.....

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Liebe, dei-ne Se.....lig-keit.
Love felt all thy ho-ly sway.

rit. espressivo

Ped. Ped.

poco più f

Weis...se Ro...sen, weisse Ro...sen
 Ro...ses ro...ses, love...ly > ro...ses

poco più f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

rit.

acht wie blüht ihr doch so spät längst zu küs...sen
 ah too late to bloom you grow, thoughts of love... and

rit.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

più p *mf*

und zu Kö...sen nim...mer...mehr, nim...mer...mehr dies
 sweet ca res...sing left this heart left this heart long,

più p *mf* *rit.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Herr ver...steht.
 long a...go

mp. *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *pp*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Cradle Song.

The Words by Alice Meynell,

The Music by Vernon Blackburn.

Molto Adagio

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'Molto Adagio'. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The vocal line has a whole rest in the first measure.

The Child not yet is lock'd to

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'The Child not yet is lock'd to' under the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

rest Too young a nurse the slender...

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'rest Too young a nurse the slender...' under the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

Night so lax.....ly holds him to her

breast that throbs with flight. He

plays with her and will not sleep, for other... playfell...ows she sighs; An

unmaternal fondness keep those a. lien eyes

Love alone will stay.

C. Alice Elgar.

Edward Elgar.

Allegretto.

p

dim

Ped *X* *Ped* *X*

1. Close - ly cling, for winds drive fast,
 2. Close - ly let me hold thy hand,
 3. Kiss my lips and soft - ly say,

pp

Ped *X* *Ped* *X*

cresc.

1. Blossoms per - ish in the blast,
 2. Storms are sweep - ing sea and land,
 3. Joy may go and sun - lit day

Ped *X* *Ped* *X* *Ped* *X*

Love a-lone will

dim.

1. last.
2. stand.
3. stay.

dim.

I & II. *III.*

I & II. *III.*

E. Elgar's
song.
12-IX-97.

Wanted : An English Bayreuth

I guard myself at the outset against the supposition that I think an English edition of the Bavarian Bayreuth an urgent need. No one with any hope or regard for the future of an English opera wants a German training-school for operatic artists situated in England and run with English money by German professors for the German benefit. Mr. Schulz-Curtius's long-talked of theatre on Richmond Hill might be in its way a very excellent thing, but it would do nothing for the inculcation and growth of an independent English operatic art. We need something quite different from that if ever we are to have a national opera produced by British composers and sung and played by British artists; and such an opera should be the aim of every English musician and music lover at the present day. At one time it was necessary to help the Wagner cause. Now the Wagner cause is won. Though the garrison sit within darkened chambers at Bayreuth, persuading one another that the enemy is still besieging the walls, the truth is the enemy has long since gone away discomfited, and the birds sing,

Wanted: An English Bayreuth

wondering the while at the quiet and the desolation, where once was the sound of cannon and fighting. Or if the metaphor reversed be preferred, only the little Wagnerite army stands in the darkness at the open door of the enemy's citadel and aims terrific blows, marvelling at the fact that strike as they will they make no noise. This being the case, we Englishmen, young or old, who have fought in the Wagner fight, may turn our attention to our own country. There we perceive that not only have we no opera, but further, that, if we had one, we have not a house—in the widest sense of the word—where it could be performed. The Germans, it is true, have not a complete house, but the example of Bayreuth has resulted in one being set a-building. While they build, it is our duty to commence where they commenced. When I say we want an English Bayreuth, I mean entirely an institution and example which may do for England what Bayreuth is doing for Germany.

It is needful to expand a little the statement that we need a house for our opera to live in, though it will soon be seen to be obvious and indeed trite. I take it that no artist ever yet created for himself alone. The conventional artist of fiction, toiling in his garret at work which no eyes save his own will ever see, no ears save his own ever hear, never existed in rude unconventional actual life. The artist everlastingly works for the approval of mankind, that is, of the public; though whether he hopes to win it by writing down to the public level or by compelling the public to come up to

The Dome

his level wholly depends upon the stuff he is made of. Take the life of any artist in any age, and it will be found that he wrought in the hope of getting the public eye or ear—Æschylus, Sophocles, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner are all examples; and even Bach had his little public of half a dozen or so. But where, in England, is there a public for the would-be opera composer? Unless the composer can lay down his own or, better, someone else's money, he cannot get an opera produced. There is no chance of winning the public approval of an opera; and the first step to getting any genuine English operas is to create a public. Now the several opera schemes of recent years have shown that for some reason the general public does not yield to opera anything like the percentage of its individuals that it yields to drama and the music halls. None of these schemes have been profitable; nearly all have been given up in despair. Had half of them succeeded, we should have to-day a fair number of companies in London and the provinces teaching the mass of this nation of shopkeepers to love opera, at least to like it as the Germans like it. It seems therefore worth while inquiring into the reason of the past failure. It is a commonplace of criticism that only the best art stands the time test. Many may think it too optimistic, too high a compliment to the taste of the British public, to say that only the opera companies which give the best quality of performances of the best quality can hope for a permanent following. Yet

Wanted : An English Bayreuth

my observation of the last ten years leads me firmly to believe this. Facts are on my side. In the old days, when the late Mr. Carl Rosa himself directed his company, the performances were, save for the absence of stars, of Jean de Reszkes and Melbas, almost as good as could be expected on this misconstrued and mismanaged planet; and the public rushed to witness them in every town in England. Now, when the performances are no longer so satisfactory, the Carl Rosa Company scarcely prospers as it did. Again, Mr. Hedmond's season at Covent Garden a couple of years ago left much to be desired. Still, it was better than the Carl Rosa has lately given us; and it was better supported by the public. Once more, for some time, under the rule of Sir Augustus Harris, the grand summer season was by no means so good as it should have been, and the public did not support it with any heartiness; but so soon as Sir Augustus mended his ways and gave us better singing, playing, and mounting, the public came in; and his last season was the only Italian season which has paid in England for many years. The Grand Opera Syndicate which succeeded him has not done things so well, and consequently—I use the word advisedly—this season has not been so successful as Sir Augustus Harris's last. If we turn to Germany, we see precisely the same phenomena. The Munich Opera is always crowded, for it is known that the best opera in Germany may be heard there; Bayreuth is still crowded with English people, because the performances, if not so

The Dome

good as they might be, are at anyrate better than we can get in England ; at Carlsruhe, out of the way though it is, Mottl can get huge audiences, largely composed of strangers, for his Berlioz cycles. Even comic opera in England shows the same thing. Clean, smart performances, where all the artists bend themselves with cheerfulness to making the best of work in hand, attract; slovenly performances repel. What people will not nowadays tolerate in opera of any sort is slovenliness, nor have they any patience with the vanity and incompetence which makes each singer fight his own battle for the applause of the gallery, regardless of how his colleagues fare. We have got past the bad old times when opera meant a concert on the stage : now we look for the drama, and if the artists behave so as to obscure the drama, we go away disappointed. We also want the scenery to be not more than half a century behind the scenery used at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, Her Majesty's, or the St. James's. We want midnight scenes to look like midnight scenes, and not to have the full blaze of the footlights turned on lest haply the features of a prima donna or principal tenor should not be clearly visible from the gallery. We want a dawn to look like a dawn, and not to suggest that the gasman has been out for his humble pint of beer and has come back in tumultuously inebriate haste and turned on all the jets at once. We want a chorus of ladies not more, on an average, than seventy years old, and of gentlemen who shave sometimes ; we want to see them drilled to

Wanted : An English Bayreuth

do what it is obvious to everyone but themselves and the stage manager they should do ; and it may be added that a certain degree of historic accuracy in their costumes would not come amiss. None of these things do we get to-day in England ; and it is only when some faint attempt is made to get them that an opera company gains any reputation.

It may be asked why we do not, and apparently cannot, get them. The answer is that the management of opera is in the hands of gentlemen who have had no experience at all, or worse still, have had considerable experience. The gentleman who has had no experience sometimes blunders ; the gentleman who has had it—in England, with opera of the old vicious Italian sort—always blunders. The deeper a man's soul is steeped in the traditions of opera in England, the smaller is his chance of ever doing modern work well. Now the worst of it is that the great mass of the English people feel only that opera does not in the least interest them ; but why it does not interest them is a problem too deep for their artistic intelligence. In drama their taste may be good or bad ; but, at least, they generally know what they want, and can make *entrepreneurs* understand them. In opera they only know that something is wrong ; and the gentlemen managers who blunder, blunder on still.

If we could send all these gentlemen, all the singers, and, indeed, all who take part in operatic performances, to Bayreuth and Munich for a course of lessons,

The Dome

something might be done with them. If we could send the whole British nation to Bayreuth or Munich for a course of lessons they would soon learn what they wanted in opera, and why they had never liked opera before. These two plans being impracticable, the only possible course is to set up a Bayreuth in England for the benefit of public, artists, and stage managers ; and until we do something of the kind we shall have no decent opera. The only difficulty seems to be the impossibility of doing it : but for that difficulty we might have it within two years. So far as I am aware, no scheme for getting past the difficulty has ever been proposed. I have two schemes : by the first we might arrive at the goal almost at once ; by the other we may be some years in getting there. The first is to get some millionaire of an artistic bent of mind to buy a village, build a theatre, engage artists, and give ideal performances right away ; the second is to form a society to send preachers over the country, teaching the new gospel and collecting subscriptions, as preachers are wont to do. The first scheme, I say, would be by far the easiest—on paper, at anyrate, it is wonderfully easy. Unluckily a millionaire who is willing to part with a few of his easily got and quite superfluous thousands for the sake of doing a mighty work is a creature of the imagination ; in cold, stern, actual life, he is not to be found ; in actual life the more money a man gets the less he is ready to spend it on any other object but his own sweet self. Unless, therefore,

Wanted: An English Bayreuth

some perfect monstrosity of a millionaire should unexpectedly turn up, that plan must remain for ever a lovely delusive dream. But with the other, the younger generation may do something.

After a certain amount of preaching has been done, and a certain number of promises of support have been secured, it will be time for the second step, the formation of a limited liability company, with the object of getting land, of buying material to build a theatre, of building it and engaging all the artists, and deciding on the works to be performed to commence with. The articles of association must permit of no payments, whether in the shape of profits or of fees or salaries, being made to any shareholder in the company, else we shall be flooded with impecunious quasi-musicians ready to perform numberless acts of self-sacrifice on handsome terms. The academic element must be rigidly kept out, else we shall be compelled to perform numberless works of the type which have been tried at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Savoy, and elsewhere—which have been tried and failed. The company once formed and its objects clearly understood, land must be bought, stolen, borrowed, or received as a gift. The site must be within reach of London—say within fifty miles—as at first most of the singers and players must necessarily come from London. It should also be near a village or small town, capable of lodging at least five hundred visitors. The site secured, the theatre must be built of the cheapest obtainable material—brick and

The Dome

wood—and on the best plan yet invented, the Bayreuth plan; and it should contain the improved stage used at Munich, so that Mozart's operas may be done with the rapidly changing scenes which are needed. The theatre built, and the works for performance decided on, rehearsals should commence when our orchestral players can best spare the time. They should be invited down to our village or small town, and be worked up in sections, precisely as they are at Bayreuth, for at least a month. Meantime the principals also would have been studying their parts; and when each singer and each player knew every note, and precisely how each note should be sung or played, general rehearsals would begin. They would occupy at least a couple of months; and then all would be ready. The performances would be widely advertised; the public would come down in shoals; and we should see the first step taken towards a national English opera.

That this plan is fearfully crude and rough I am quite aware; but then every plan is crude and rough when first evolved. It may be that every detail I have mentioned may have to be thrown overboard later. But what we want at present is an indication of the direction in which to move; and it is better to have something that may have to be thrown overboard than nothing at all. Yet I am firmly convinced that if once a company with a small capital could be formed, success must inevitably follow. A very large section

Wanted : An English Bayreuth

of the London public alone would eagerly seize the opportunity of getting away from the dusty city in August without going so far as Bavaria for their music; and thousands who would not care to settle in a little dull country town for a week for the sake of hearing three or four performances—which is the limit that should ever take place in one week—would run down in the afternoon and come home by the “special fast trains” provided by the railway company at night. They would not go down to hear Wagner alone, but Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck, and Berlioz, and every word that has proceeded from the mouths of the inspired ones; they would learn how opera can be done with the help of a little thought, temperament, and conscience; and they would—I verily believe they honestly would—like opera so done. They would demand it; the bad old days when only a few went to hear opera shockingly done would be ended; the new era would begin.

John F. Runciman.

The pages of Number Five are too much preoccupied to allow of an extended discussion being printed in it ; but believing that a serious movement for an English Bayreuth would do more than anything else to advance the Art of Music in this country, the Editor will be glad to receive brief and practical communications from those who would be willing to help.

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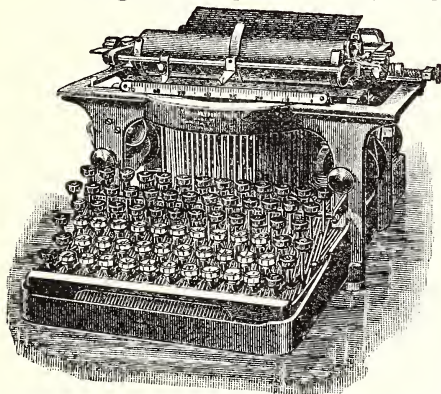
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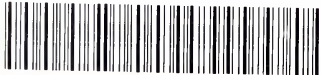
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